



"Am I not a Man & a Brother," and with a readily apparent allusion to Gethsemane, oil on canvas, 18th century English School Wilberforce House, Hull City Museums and Art Galleries.

JUPITER HAMMON CHOOSES THE CROSS.

*"Who will bring me to the fortified city? Who will lead me into Edom?
Was it not you who rejected us, God? Do you no longer march with our armies?
Give us aid against the foe; worthless is human help.
We will triumph with the help of God, who will trample down our foes."
~ Psalm 108: 11-14*

Naught contributed more to freeing Black people from slavery, both in the United States and around the world, than the force of Christianity; with the particular sects most influential in this regard being the Quakers and Methodists; with Calvinist Congregationalism sometimes playing a part as well. The impact of such Christians in assailing and undermining the institution of slavery was three fold: first, in that the most vocal and leading advocates of abolition were Christians; second, Christianity by its appeal to God as ultimate authority made it possible for Blacks to begin becoming dignified as human beings in the face of White prejudice, and third, Christianity by way of Bible reading became the basis of Black education and literacy; two crucial and necessary aspects to emancipation.

By being equal before God, it was a natural and logical step to say that Blacks were and ought to be entitled to be treated as equal among all other men before the law. Of course, what sounds so obvious and easy in theory was a far cry from what it actually took to bring this about in fact, and, needless to add, problems that separate races remain to be overcome even to this day. The violence, abuse, persecution, and death Blacks suffered was often so horrendous that their struggle can be likened to a literal war in which many thousands were imprisoned, wounded, maimed, and killed. This would not even need to be mentioned here except to point out that for every occasion of brutality and flagrant abuse and injustice Blacks in the United States are known to have suffered, there are countless other instances unaccounted for and unrecorded.

Coming from a past of almost utter darkness and anonymity, and in which they were accorded a status little better than outsiders, children, and non-entities, what a vivifying breath of fresh air then is it for us to learn that Blacks *first* obtained something like a modicum of social prominence and respectability in the United States with the appearance of Negro ministers and preachers in about the mid-1780's; largely within and about the Philadelphia area. Although the Quakers were the first to speak out against the evils of slavery and on behalf of abolition, it was Methodism that initially ordained Black ministers; with some Calvinist denominations gradually following.¹ The significance of the emergent Black ministries of such as Lemuel Haynes (1753-1833), Absalom Jones (1746-1818), and Richard Allen (1760-1831), cannot be too heavily underscored; for until that time there was no such thing as a public Black man. If Phillis Wheatley

¹ In fairness to the Quakers, they, of course, did not have ministers to begin with; all were "brethren."

secured widespread notoriety as poet, it was chiefly as an anomaly and curiosity; her success having relatively little or no *immediate* impact on her fellows. With the advent of Black clergymen and preachers, the movement to elevate and ennoble Blacks at large became rooted in earnest. It was then in and through the Church that Booker T. Washington's phrase "up from slavery" commenced to take on any real meaning.

How did this *revolutionary* transformation come about, as it were, so suddenly? Part credit is due to the example and contributions of the Black Revolutionary War veterans, and who demonstrated to everyone that they could be the equal of Whites on the hard fought battlefield; a fact later alluded to by the Black ministers in their sermons. Furthermore, the support and encouragement of sojourning Europeans such as Lafayette and Kosciuszko for Black freedom further bolstered the cause.

And yet the one Black individual who historically and as far as we know had the single most profound influence on the dramatic change in Black status, or at the very least most symbolized it, was the Negro poet and preacher Jupiter Hammon (1711-c. 1806), from (western) Long Island, New York. As a slave, Hammon had the good fortune to belong to the wealthy merchant Lloyd family; who were progressive Methodists. When he wasn't working for them as a domestic servant, the Lloyd's sent him to school. Much of this education involved reading and studying the Bible; as well as learning how to write. As time went on, Hammon took to writing poetry (and a few essays); some of which was published and, as he attests, garnered praise from both Whites and Blacks, and at some point he knew and corresponded with Phillis Wheatley. Following the Revolutionary War, he and other Blacks in the New York City area formed African Societies for the help, education, and advancement of Negroes. It was for such a group that in 1786 he published his "An Address to the Negroes of the State of New York." In it, he exhorted his Black brethren to virtue as the basis for seeking moral equality with Whites; not least of which by enjoining them to turn to the Bible as guide to better living in this life and for a hope of a future one in the next. Hammon's views were far from radical; indeed to us today they seem far too tame and subservient. He accepts slavery while arguing that if the Blacks behave better, he says, their masters will treat them better. And yet we must remember that for a Black man in the United States in to that day just to be printed and read was itself an unheard of feat and drastic movement toward palpable change. At the same time, Hammon was wise enough to grasp that education and literacy necessarily preceded emancipation, and the by far most effective way of achieving this was to encourage Bible reading and study. And it was this attitude and outlook then that made possible the aforementioned Black ministers and preachers that sprang up in the late 18th century.

As he states himself, Hammon could have wished freedom for Blacks of his own generation, but for unavoidable practical and political reasons saw this as an impossibility. In its stead, and no little inspired by and mindful of the lesson of recently won United States independence, he looked to laying the groundwork of the liberty for future Black generations. In this and in retrospect, he acted the role of prophet.

In reading Hammon then one must be prepared *not* to be dazzled by flights of literary virtuosity, and as far as Black 18th century poets go Phillis Wheatley Peters' writings are far more to be preferred. Yet despite the quaint prose and unremarkable, if heartfelt and sometimes (as addressed to Whites) wry, verse, it is most important to keep in mind his role as father and elementary teacher of his people, and how what he did in these capacities helped decisively to clear and open up the path for those who came after him. To miss this didactic dynamic is to miss his genius, and which we otherwise will predictably be blind from seeing and adequately appreciating.

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Extracts from "Address to the Negroes of the State of New York" (1786).<sup>2</sup>

...[M]y dear brethren, when I think of you, which is very often, and of the poor, despised and miserable state you are in, as to the things of this world, and when I think of your ignorance and stupidity,

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<sup>2</sup> For the complete text of the address, see: <http://digitalcommons.unl.edu/etas/12/>

and the great wickedness of the most of you, I am pained to the heart. It is at times, almost too much for human nature to bear, and I am obliged to turn my thoughts from the subject or endeavour to still my mind, by considering that it is permitted thus to be, by that God who governs all things, who seteth up one and pulleth down another. While I have been thinking on this subject, I have frequently had great struggles in my own mind, and have been at a loss to know what to do. I have wanted exceedingly to say something to you, to call upon you with the tenderness of a father and friend, and to give you the last, and I may say, dying advice, of an old man, who wishes your best good in this world, and in the world to come. But while I have had such desires, a sense of my own ignorance, and unfitness to teach others, has frequently discouraged me from attempting to say any thing to you; yet when I thought of your situation, I could not rest easy.

When I was at Hartford in Connecticut, where I lived during the war, I published several pieces which were well received, not only by those of my own colour, but by a number of the white people, who thought they might do good among their servants. This is one consideration, among others, that emboldens me now to publish what I have written to you. Another is, I think you will be more likely to listen to what is said, when you know it comes from a negro, one your own nation and colour, and therefore can have no interest in deceiving you, or in saying any thing to you, but what he really thinks is your interest and duty to comply with. My age, I think, gives me some right to speak to you, and reason to expect you will hearken to my advice. I am now upwards of seventy years old, and cannot expect, though I am well, and able to do almost any kind of business, to live much longer. I have passed the common bounds set for man, and must soon go the way of all the earth. I have had more experience in the world than the most of you, and I have seen a great deal of the vanity, and wickedness of it. I have great reason to be thankful that my lot has been so much better than most slaves have had. I suppose I have had more advantages and privileges than most of you, who are slaves have ever known, and I believe more than many white people have enjoyed, for which I desire to bless God, and pray that he may bless those who have given them to me. I do not, my dear friends, say these things about myself to make you think that I am wiser or better than others; but that you might hearken, without prejudice, to what I have to say to you on the following particulars.

1st. Respecting obedience to masters. Now whether it is right, and lawful, in the sight of God, for them to make slaves of us or not, I am certain that while we are slaves, it is our duty to obey our masters, in all their lawful commands, and mind them unless we are bid to do that which we know to be sin, or forbidden in God's word. The apostle Paul says, "Servants be obedient to them that are your masters according to the flesh, with fear and trembling in singleness in your heart as unto christ: Not with eye service, as men pleasers, but as the servants of Christ doing the will of God from the heart: With good will doing service to the Lord, and not to men: Knowing that whatever thing a man doeth the same shall he receive of the Lord, whether he be bond or free." -- Here is a plain command of God for us to obey our masters. It may seem hard for us, if we think our masters wrong in holding us slaves, to obey in all things, but who of us dare dispute with God! He has commanded us to obey, and we ought to do it cheerfully, and freely. This should be done by us, not only because God commands, but because our own peace and comfort depend upon it. As we depend upon our masters, for what we eat and drink and wear, and for all our comfortable things in this world, we cannot be happy, unless we please them. This we cannot do without obeying them freely, without muttering or finding fault. If a servant strives to please his master and studies and takes pains to do it, I believe there are but few masters who would use such a servant cruelly. Good servants frequently make good masters. If your master is really hard, unreasonable and cruel, there is no way so likely for you to convince him of it, as always to obey his commands, and try to serve him, and take care of his interest, and try to promote it all in your power. If you are proud and stubborn and always finding fault, your master will think the fault lies wholly on your side, but if you are humble, and meek, and bear all things patiently, your master may think he is wrong, if he does not, his neighbours will be apt to see it, and will befriend you, and try to alter his conduct. If this does not do, you must cry to him, who has the hearts of all men in his hands, and turneth them as the rivers of waters are turned.

... You certainly do not believe, that there is a God, or that there is a Heaven or Hell, or you would never trifle with them. It would make you shudder, if you heard others do it, if you believe them as much, as you believe any thing you see with your bodily eyes.

I have heard some learned and good men say, that the heathen, and all that worshiped false Gods, never spoke lightly or irreverently of their Gods, they never took their names in vain, or jested with those things which they held sacred. Now why should the true God, who made all things, be treated worse in this respect, than those false Gods, that were made of wood and stone. I believe it is because Satan tempts men to do it. He tried to make them love their false Gods, and to speak well of them, but he wishes to have men think lightly of the true God, to take his holy name in vain, and to scoff at, and make a jest of all things that are really good. You may think that Satan has not power to do so much, and have so great influence on the minds of men: But the scripture says, "*he goeth about like a roaring Lion, seeking whom he may devour -- That he is the prince of the power of the air -- and that he rules in the hearts of the children of disobedience, -- and that wicked men are led captive by him, to do his will.*"

All those of you who are profane, are serving the Devil. You are doing what he tempts and desires you to do. If you could see him with your bodily eyes, would you like to make an agreement with him, to serve him, and do as he bid you. I believe most of you would be shocked at this, but you may be certain that all of you who allow yourselves in this sin, are as really serving him, and to just as good purpose, as if you met him, and promised to dishonor God, and serve him with all your might. Do you believe this? It is true whether you believe it or not. Some of you to excuse yourselves, may plead the example of others, and say that you hear a great many white people, who know more, than such poor ignorant negroes, as you are, and some who are rich and great gentlemen, swear, and talk profanely, and some of you may say this of your masters, and say no more than is true. But all this is not a sufficient excuse for you. You know that murder is wicked. If you saw your master kill a man, do you suppose this would be any excuse for you, if you should commit the same crime? You must know it would not; nor will your hearing him curse and swear, and take the name of God in vain, or any other man, be he ever so great or rich, excuse you. God is greater than all other beings, and him we are bound to obey. To him we must give an account for every *idle* word that we speak. He will bring us all, rich and poor, white and black, to his judgment seat. If we are found among those who *feared his name*, and *trembled at his word*, we shall be called good and faithful servants. Our slavery will be at an end, and though ever so mean, low, and despised in this world, we shall sit with God in his kingdom as Kings and Priests, and rejoice forever, and ever. Do not then, my dear friends, take God's holy name in vain, or speak profanely in any way. Let not the example of others lead you into the sin, but reverence and fear that great *and fearful name, the Lord our God...*

Now I acknowledge that liberty is a great thing, and worth seeking for, if we can get it honestly, and by our good conduct, prevail on our masters to set us free: Though for my own part I do not wish to be free, yet I should be glad, if others, especially the young negroes were to be free, for many of us, who are grown up slaves, and have always had masters to take care of us, should hardly know how to take care of ourselves; and it may be more for our own comfort to remain as we are. That liberty is a great thing we may know from our own feelings, and we may likewise judge so from the conduct of the white-people, in the late war. How much money has been spent, and how many lives has been lost, to defend their liberty. I must say that I have hoped that God would open their eyes, when they were so much engaged for liberty, to think of the state of the poor blacks, and to pity us. He has done it in some measure, and has raised us up many friends, for which we have reason to be thankful, and to hope in his mercy. What may be done further, he only knows, for *known unto God are all his ways from the beginning*. But this my dear brethren is by no means, the greatest thing we have to be concerned about. Getting our liberty in this world, is nothing to our having the liberty of the children of God. . . Those of you who can read I must beg you to read the Bible, and whenever you can get time, study the Bible, and if you can get no other time, spare some of your time from sleep, and learn what the mind and will of God is. But what shall I say to them who cannot read. This lay with great weight on my mind, when I thought of writing to my poor brethren, but I hope that those who can read will take pity on them and read what I have to say to them. In hopes of this I will beg of you to spare no pains in trying to learn to read. If you are once engaged you may learn. Let all the time you can get be spent in trying to learn to read. Get those who can read to learn you, but remember, that what you learn for, is to read the Bible. If there was no Bible, it would be no matter whether you could read or not. Reading other books would do you no good. But the Bible is the word of God, and tells you what you must do to please God; it tells you how you may escape misery, and be happy for ever. If you see most people neglect the Bible, and many that can read never look into it, let it not harden you and make you think lightly of it, and that it is a book of no worth. All those who are really good, love the Bible, and meditate on it day and night. In the Bible God has told us every thing it is necessary we should know, in

order to be happy here and hereafter. The Bible is a revelation of the mind and will of God to men. Therein we may learn, what God is. That he made all things by the power of his word; and that he made all things for his own glory, and not for our glory. That he is over all, and above all his creatures, and more above them that we can think or conceive — that they can do nothing without him — that he upholds them all, and will overrule all things for his own glory. In the Bible likewise we are told what man is. That he was at first made holy, in the image of God, that he fell from that state of holiness, and became an enemy to God, and that since the fall, *all the imaginations of the thoughts of his heart, are evil and only evil, and that continually. That the carnal mind is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be.* And that all mankind, were under the wrath, and curse of God, and must have been for ever miserable, if they had been left to suffer what their sins deserved. It tells us that God, to save some of mankind, sent his Son into this world to die, in the room and stead of sinners, and that now God can save from eternal misery, all that believe in his Son, and take him for their saviour, and that all are called upon to repent, and believe in Jesus Christ. It tells us that those who do repent, and believe, and are friends to Christ, shall have many trials and sufferings in this world, but that they shall be happy forever, after death, and reign with Christ to all eternity. The Bible tells us that this world is a place of trial, and that there is no other time or place for us to alter, but in this life. If we are christians when we die, we shall awake to the resurrection of life; if not, we shall awake to the resurrection of damnation. It tells us, we must all live in Heaven or Hell, be happy or miserable, and that without end...

We live so little time in this world that it is no matter how wretched and miserable we are, if it prepares us for heaven. What is forty, fifty, or sixty years, when compared to eternity. When thousands and millions of years have rolled away, this eternity will be no nigher coming to an end. Oh how glorious is an eternal life of happiness! And how dreadful, an eternity of misery. Those of us who have had religious masters, and have been taught to read the Bible, and have been brought by their example and teaching to a sense of divine things, how happy shall we be to meet them in heaven, where we shall join them in praising God forever. But if any of us have had such masters, and yet have lived and died wicked, how will it add to our misery to think of our folly. If any of us, who have wicked and profane masters should become religious, how will our estates be changed in another world. Oh my friends, let me intreat of you to think on these things, and to live as if you believed them to be true. If you become christians you will have reason to bless God forever, that you have been brought into a land where you have heard the gospel, though you have been slaves. If we should ever get to Heaven, we shall find nobody to reproach us for being black, or for being slaves. Let me beg of you my dear African brethren, to think very little of your bondage in this life, for your thinking of it will do you no good. If God designs to set us free, he will do it, in his own time, and way; but think of your bondage to sin and Satan, and do not rest, until you are delivered from it.

We cannot be happy if we are ever so free or ever so rich, while we are servants of sin, and slaves to Satan. We must be miserable here, and to all eternity...

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A Poem For Children With Thoughts On Death (1782)³

I

O Ye young and thoughtless youth,
Come seek the living God,
The scriptures are a sacred truth,
Ye must believe the word.

II

Tis God alone can make you wise,
His wisdom's from above,

³ *America's First Negro Poet: The Complete Works of Jupiter Hammon of Long Island* (1964, 1983), edited by Stanley Austin Ransom, Jr., pp. 54-57.

He fills the soul with sweet supplies
By his redeeming love.

III

Remember youth the time is short,
Improve the present day
And pray that God may guide your thoughts,
and teach your lips to pray.

IV

To pray unto the most high God,
and beg restraining grace,
Then by the power of his word
You'll see the Saviour's face.

V

Little children they may die,
Turn to their native dust,
Their souls shall leap beyond the skies,
and live among the just

VI

Like little worms they turn and crawl,
and gasp for every breath,
The blessed Jesus sends his call,
and takes them to his rest.

VII

Thus the youth are born to die,
The time is hastening on,
The Blessed Jesus rends the sky,
and makes his power known.

VIII

Then ye shall hear the angels sing
The trumpet give a sound,
Glory, glory to our King,
The Saviour's coming down.

IX

Start ye Saints from dusty beds,
and hear a Saviour call,
Twas Jesus Christ that died and bled,
and thus preserv'd thy soul.

X

This the portion of the just,
Who lov'd to serve the Lord,

Their bodies starting from the dust,
Shall rest upon their God.

XI

They shall join that holy word,
That angels constant sing,
Glory glory to the Lord,
Hallelujahs to our King.

XII

Thus the Saviour will appear,
With guards of heavenly host,
Those blessed Saints, shall then declare,
Tis Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

XIII

Then shall ye hear the trumpet sound,
The graves give up their dead,
Those blessed saints shall quick awake,
and leave their dusty beds.

XIV

Then shall you hear the trumpet sound,
and rend the native sky,
Those bodies starting from the ground,
In the twinkling of an eye.

XV

There to sing the praise of God,
and join the angelic train,
And by the power of his word,
Unite together again.

XVI

Where angels stand for to admit
Their souls at the first word,
Cast sceptres down at Jesus feet
Crying holy holy Lord.

XVII

Now glory be unto our God
all praise be justly given,
Ye humble souls that love the Lord
Come seek the joys of Heaven.

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**A Dialogue, Entitled, The Kind Master  
And The Dutiful Servant** (late 1770s or early 80s)<sup>4</sup>

*Master.*

1.  
Come my servant, follow me,  
According to thy place;  
And surely God will be with thee,  
And send the heav'nly grace.

*Servant.*

2.  
Dear Master, I will follow thee,  
According to thy word,  
And pray that God may be with me,  
And save thee in the Lord.

*Master.*

3.  
My Servant, lovely is the Lord,  
And blest those servants be,  
That truly love his holy word,  
And thus will follow me.

*Servant.*

4.  
Dear Master, that's my whole delight,  
Thy pleasure for to do;  
As far as grace and truth's in sight,  
Thus far I'll surely go.

*Master.*

5.  
My Servant, grace proceeds from God,  
And truth should be with thee;  
Whence e'er you find it in his word,  
Thus far come follow me.

*Servant.*

6.  
Dear Master, now without controul,  
I quickly follow thee;  
And pray that God would bless thy soul,  
His heav'nly place to see.

*Master.*

7.  
My Servant, Heaven is high above,  
Yea, higher than the sky:  
I pray that God would grant his love,

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<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 59-64. The format of the numbering of this poem has been slightly altered in the transcription for this article. In the original, the numerals appear just to the left of the first line of each stanza; as that stanza begins following the given "Master" or "Servant" heading.

Come follow me thereby.

*Servant.*

8.  
Dear Master, now I'll follow thee,  
And trust upon the Lord;  
The only safety that I see,  
Is Jesus's holy word.

*Master.*

9.  
My Servant, follow Jesus now,  
Our great victorious King;  
Who governs all both high and low,  
And searches things within.

*Servant.*

10.  
Dear Master I will follow thee,  
When praying to our King;  
It is the Lamb I plainly see,  
Invites the sinner in.

*Master.*

11.  
My Servant, we are sinners all,  
But follow after grace;  
I pray that God would bless thy soul,  
And fill thy heart with grace.

*Servant.*

12.  
Dear Master I shall follow then,  
The voice of my great King;  
As standing on some distant land,  
Inviting sinners in.

*Master.*

13.  
My Servant we must all appear,  
And follow then our King;  
For sure he'll stand where sinners are,  
To take true converts in.

*Servant.*

14.  
Dear Master, now if Jesus calls,  
And sends his summons in;  
We'll follow saints and angels all,  
And come unto our King.

*Master.*

15.  
My Servant now come pray to God  
Consider well his call;  
Strive to obey his holy word,

That Christ may love us all

*A Line on the present war.*

*Servant.*

16.  
Dear Master, now it is a time,  
A time of great distress;  
We'll follow after things divine,  
And pray for happiness.

*Master.*

17.  
Then will the happy day appear,  
That virtue shall increase;  
Lay up the sword and drop the spear,  
And nations seek for peace.

*Servant.*

18.  
Then shall we see the happy end,  
Tho' still in some distress;  
That distant foes shall act like friends,  
And leave their wickedness.

*Master.*

19.  
We pray that God would give us grace,  
And make us humble too;  
Let ev'ry nation seek for peace,  
And virtue make a show.

*Servant.*

20.  
Then we shall see the happy day,  
That virtue is in power;  
Each holy act shall have its sway,  
Extend from shore to shore.

*Master.*

21.  
This is the work of God's own hand,  
We see by precepts given;  
To relieve distress and save the land,  
Must be the pow'r of heav'n.

*Servant.*

22.  
Now glory be unto our God,  
Let ev'ry nation sing;  
Strive to obey his holy word,  
That Christ may take them in.

*Master.*

23.  
Where endless joys shall never cease,

Blest Angels constant sing;  
The glory of their God increase,  
Hallelujahs to their King.

*Servant.*

24.  
Thus the Dialogue shall end,  
Strive to obey the word;  
When ev'ry nation act like friends,  
Shall be the sons of God.

25.  
Believe me now my Christian friends,  
Believe your friend call'd HAMMON:  
You cannot to your God attend,  
And serve the God of Mammon.

26.  
If God is pleased by his own hand  
To relieve distresses here;  
And grant a peace throughout the land,  
'Twill be a happy year.

27.  
'Tis God alone can give us peace;  
It's not the pow'r of man:  
When virtuous pow'r shall increase,  
'Twill beautify the land.

28.  
Then shall we rejoice and sing  
By pow'r of virtues word,  
Come sweet Jesus, heav'nly King,  
Thou art the Son of God.

29.  
When virtue comes in bright array,  
Discovers ev'ry sin;  
We see the dangers of the day,  
And fly unto our King.

30.  
Now glory be unto our God,  
All praise be justly given;  
Let ev'ry soul obey his word,  
And seek the joys of Heav'n.

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An Address to Miss Phillis Wheatl[e]y (1778)⁵

I

O, come you pious youth: adore
The wisdom of thy God.

⁵ *Ibid.* pp. 49-53.

In bringing thee from distant shore,
To learn His holy word.

II

Thou mightst been left behind,
Amidst a dark abode;
God's tender Mercy still combin'd,
Thou hast the holy word.

III

Fair wisdom's ways are paths of peace,
And they that walk therein,
Shall reap the joys that never cease,
And Christ shall be their king.

IV

God's tender mercy brought thee here,
tost o'er the raging main;
In Christian faith thou hast a share,
Worth all the gold of Spain.

V

While thousands tossed by the sea,
And others settled down,
God's tender mercy set thee free,
From dangers still unknown.

VI

That thou a pattern still might be,
To youth of Boston town,
The blessed Jesus thee free,
From every sinful wound.

VII

The blessed Jesus, who came down,
Unveil'd his sacred face,
To cleanse the soul of every wound,
And give repenting grace.

VIII

That we poor sinners may obtain
The pardon of our sin;
Dear blessed Jesus now constrain,
And bring us flocking in.

IX

Come you, Phillis, now aspire,
And seek the living God,

So step by step thou mayst go higher,
Till perfect in the word.

X

While thousands mov'd to distant shore,
And others left behind,
The blessed Jesus still adore,
Implant this in thy mind.

XI

Thou hast left the heathen shore;
Thro' mercy of the Lord,
Among the heathen live no more,
Come magnify thy God.

XII

I pray the living God may be,
The sheperd of thy soul;
His tender mercies still are free,
His mysteries to unfold.

XIII

Thou, Phillis, when thou hunger hast,
Or pantest for thy God;
Jesus Christ is thy relief,
Thou hast the holy word.

XIV

The bounteous mercies of the Lord,
Are hid beyond the sky,
And holy souls that love His word,
Shall taste them when they die.

XV

These bounteous mercies are from God,
The merits of his Son;
The humble soul that loves his word,
He chooses for his own.

XVI

Come, dear Phillis, be advisid,
To drink Samaria's flood;
There nothing is that shall suffice,
But Christ's redeeming blood.

XVII

When thousands muse with earthly toys,
And range about the street,

Dear Phillis, seek for heaven's joys,
Where we do hope to meet.

XVIII

When God shall send His summons down,
And number saints together.
Blest angels chant, (triumphant sound)
Come live with me forever.

XIX

The humble soul shall fly to God,
And leave the things of time,
Start forth as 'twere at the first word,
To taste things more divine.

XX

Behold! the soul shall waft away,
Whene'er we come to die,
And leave this cottage made of clay,
In twinkling of an eye.

XXI

Now glory be to the Most High,
United praises given,
By all on earth, incessantly,
And all the host of heavin.

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**An Evening Thought.**  
**Salvation by Christ**  
**With Penitential Cries, 25<sup>th</sup> of December, 1760<sup>6</sup>**

Salvation comes by Jesus Christ alone,  
The only Son of God;  
Redemption now to every one,  
That love his holy Word.  
Dear Jesus we would fly to Thee,  
And leave off every Sin,  
Thy tender Mercy well agree;  
Salvation from our King.  
Salvation comes now from the Lord,  
Our victorious King;  
His holy Name be well ador'd,  
Salvation surely bring.  
Dear Jesus give thy Spirit now,  
Thy Grace to every Nation,  
That han't the Lord to whom we bow,  
The Author of Salvation.  
Dear Jesus unto Thee we cry,  
Give us thy Preparation;

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<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 45-47

Turn not away thy tender Eye;  
 We seek thy true Salvation.  
 Salvation comes from God we know,  
 The true and only One;  
 It's well agreed and certain true,  
 He gave his only Son.  
 Lord hear our penitential Cry:  
 Salvation from above;  
 It is the Lord that doth supply,  
 With his Redeeming Love.  
 Dear Jesus by thy precious Blood,  
 The World Redemption have:  
 Salvation comes now from the Lord,  
 He being thy captive Slave.  
 Dear Jesus let the Nations cry,  
 And all the People say,  
 Salvation comes from Christ on high,  
 Haste on Tribunal Day.  
 We cry as Sinners to the Lord,  
 Salvation to obtain;  
 It is firmly fixt his holy Word,  
 Ye shall not cry in vain.  
 Dear Jesus unto Thee we cry,  
 And make our Lamentation:  
 O let our Prayers ascend on high;  
 We felt thy Salvation.  
 Lord turn our dark benighted Souls;  
 Give us a true Motion,  
 And let the Hearts of all the World,  
 Make Christ their Salvation.  
 Ten Thousand Angels cry to Thee,  
 Yea louder than the Ocean.  
 Thou art the Lord, we plainly see;  
 Thou art the true Salvation.  
 Now is the Day, excepted Time;  
 The Day of Salvation;  
 Increase your Faith, do not repine:  
 Awake ye every Nation.  
 Lord unto whom now shall we go,  
 Or seek a safe Abode;  
 Thou hast the Word Salvation too  
 The only Son of God.  
 Ho! every one that hunger hath,  
 Or pineth after me,  
 Salvation be thy leading Staff,  
 To set the Sinner free.  
 Dear Jesus unto Thee we fly;  
 Depart, depart from Sin,  
 Salvation doth at length supply,  
 The Glory of our King.  
 Come ye Blessed of the Lord,  
 Salvation gently given;  
 O turn your Hearts, accept the Word,  
 Your Souls are fit for Heaven.  
 Dear Jesus we now turn to Thee,  
 Salvation to obtain;

Our Hearts and Souls do meet again,  
To magnify thy Name.  
Come holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,  
The Object of our Care;  
Salvation doth increase our Love;  
Our Hearts hath felt thy fear.  
Now Glory be to God on High,  
Salvation high and low;  
And thus the Soul on Christ rely,  
To Heaven surely go.  
Come Blessed Jesus, Heavenly Dove,  
Accept Repentance here;  
Salvation give, with tender Love;  
Let us with Angels share.

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